
Title: The Song Of The Dove

Author: Dark Rose

There once was a very
rich king who was loved
by his subject and his
people more than one
could believe. His name
was King Claudius. After
his wife, Queen Elenor
passed away, Claudius was

gloomy and he never came
out of his chambers. They
said that anyone who
could cheer the poor king
up would be rewarded.
Nobody who came in could
do the job. That was,
until one day when King
Claudius was on his death
bed. A young man by the
name of Richard claimed
he could. Nobody believed
that he could, but they
were desperate to save
the poor depressed king.
Richard walked into the
chambers with a beautiful
white dove. Young Richard
said, "As long as you
don't make the bird sing
too much, this dove will
sing for you forever. All
you have to do, is say
"Sing to me, pretty bird."
and she will sing for you.
Do not ask her to sing
too often, or the poor
bird will die and you will
never hear the beautiful
tune again as long as you
live.
Richard asked the bird to
sing, and sing it did. King
Claudius became happy
again. He loved the sweet
sound of the bird's call,
and would ask it to sing

once a day. One day,
since he grew bored on
the throne, he asked the
bird to sing. The bird
wouldn't sing.

"Sing you foul creature!"
he yelled, but still the
bird wouldn't sing. "Sing
now...or you'll be on the
dinner table!"the old man
cried. The bird just sat
there. King Claudius
choked the bird, and he
fell to the ground, stiff
and cold. The sweet song
of the dove would never
come again. Claudius asked
people to sing for him,
but it wasn't as pretty.
He asked for a dove, but
no dove would sing for
him like the other dove
would. No matter what
the poor man did, he
couldn't hear that sweet
music.

When he felt all was
lost, he heard the call of
a dove again. The man
was on his deathbed, worn
with age and depression.

It was the dove. "Sing
for me pretty bird!"he
cried. She sang one more
time, and as soon as the
tune stopped, the man
fell into a never ending
slumber. His servant came
in and saw nothing but a
feather on the window sill
and a smile on the dead
man's face.